

HIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

FAMOUS STAR OF THE
HOPALONG CASSIDY MOVIES.

Bill Boyd

WESTERN

AUG.
10¢
NO. 5

A Fawcett Publication



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE MISSING EXIT!

AND OTHER DEATH-DEFYING
WESTERN THRILLERS!

Three **ALL-STAR** Cameras

for your Vacation Shots

- Any one of these fifty cameras is a winner. Any one is fun to own, easy to use, and takes fine pictures. Just right for vacation days—gives you a priceless record of your good times and new friends. See these cameras at your Kodak dealer's.

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Kodak
KODAK SAFETY FILM







THERE'S NO MISTAKE
ABOUT IT, BOYD!
SOMETHING'S BEEN
GOING ON OVER THE
MOUNTAINS FOR THE
LAST FEW DAYS!

IT MIGHT
BE A GOOD
IDEA IF I
STAY HERE
TILL YOU
GET BACK,
TOMORROW!



THEY SOUNDED LIKE
A GOOD IDEA!
BUT, BOYD, I'LL
TAKE YOU ON AS
A FREE HAND!

STILL, BOYD,
I'LL BE HERE
RIGHT HERE
AT THE ENTRANCE
SO I CAN SPOT
ANYONE TRYING
TO BREAK IN
OR OUT!



SOON AFTER...

TOMORROW, MUST BE
DEEN WORTH ABOUT
THAT MISSING GOLD!
THIS PLACE IS
DESERTED!



GIVING A HAND WITH THE
MOUNTAIN, HORSEBACK, ONE
AND THE CLIPPING
FOR MOUNTAIN AND
MOUNTAIN!

OH, BOY, BOY!
I GOT A GOOD
DEED ON IT!



IT TOOK A LONG TIME
TO HACK AWAY AT
THIS ROCKY MOUNTAIN
WE COULD MOVE
IT AWAY LIKE
THIS!

IT WAS ONLY BY WORK-
ING HARD THE NIGHT
THAT WE COULD REEL
THAT GOLD FROM MOUNTAIN
WENT WAS GOING ON!



TOO BAD WE HAD TO GET UP AS FAST AS WE COULD
BEFORE—BUT IT WAS A GOOD LUCK TO
BE IN HERE WE WERE SURPRISED LAST
TRIP!

BY THE TIME
THEY GOT TO TOMORROW
MORNING, WE'LL
BE ON THE ROAD
WITH THE REST
OF THE GOLD!



WELL—GIVE ME A HAND
WITH THIS GOLD!

TAKE YOUR TIME,
MOUNTAIN—WE'VE GOT
ALL NIGHT!



HEAVE!



NOT A BAD BALL, CRANKY! DON'T DAD AT ALL.

STOP ADMIRING THE LOOKS OF IT AND LET'S GET IT ON THE MOUND! I DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE WHOLE NIGHT HERE!



TALK IT OVER, CRANKY! THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE LEFT!

WE CAN'T LEAVE IT TO US! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF IT!



LOOK! DO THOSE HORSEHOOF MARKS AS IF THEY'RE NEW? WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF IT!



IN A FEW MINUTES...

I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE HERE! SUCH A RUMOR! IT'S OUT THERE AND TRINITY!



I DON'T KNOW THEY DON'T WANT!

STOP FIGHTING SO MUCH! THEY CAN'T GET IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF IT!



I DON'T KNOW THEY DON'T WANT!

STOP FIGHTING SO MUCH! THEY CAN'T GET IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF IT!

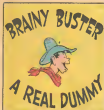












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These are genuine
they carry Hoppy's personal

Hopalong Cassidy styles and
a. k. and emblem!

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HOPPY'S "BIBBY"

Pure wool felt and
genuine leather
for 20 also
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Red, Black,
or Tan

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HOPPY'S "BAR 20"

Larger shape pure
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OF HOLLYWOOD

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HOPPY'S "VICARIES" SUITS

Lighter hand
washable rayon
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with washable
fringe. Each suit
carries authentic
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emblem. Black
with Gray.

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(Sizes 4 to 12)

FREE!

With Every Hopalong
Cassidy Suit!
AUTOGRAPHED
PICTURE OF HOPPY

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INCORPORATED



Hopalong Cassidy
Hanging Post

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HOPALONG CASSIDY & CO., INC.
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Name and address of person buying for: Name

QUANTITY	STYLE NO.	COLOUR	PRICE

Send me: ☐ Western Style

Enclosing the remittance of \$____ or put a check for \$____ and

QUANTITY	STYLE NO.	COLOUR	REMARKS

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Send 10¢ for each suit or hat for shipping equally not payable
unless over. Add 5% for each of N. Y. districts.

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RED SWIFT Leaps for Life!

RED —
HOLD ON! WE'VE GOT TO
TRY THIS!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM —
THOSE ROCKS—THAT'S THE ANSWER.

HELP!

ALL RIGHT FOR IT? LOOK AT BALL-BANDS!
LET'S USE THAT BRIDGE OF YOURS!

BOY! — RIGHT ON!
3-D FEET AHEAD!

BOY!
LOOK AT
HIM GO!

A WICH-KICK'LL
DO IT!

OH-NO, BALL-BANDS!
I REALLY NEED THAT
GOSH-GOSH NOW!

HELP!
HE'S GOING UNDER!

TAKE IT EASY!
I'VE GOTCHA!

LOOK FOR THE **RED BALL**
...AND LEARN THIS TRICK

TRADE
MARK

TAKE THE SECRET! WE'LL ASK YOU TO
WE SHOW YOU HOW TO USE THE RED BALL
ON THE SOLE FOR SPEED-LEARNING! SO
SO, NOT FOR BALL, JOGGING, AND
THANKS TO THE NEW BALL-BANDS FOR
THE NEW BALL-BANDS FOR THE
SOLE OF YOUR SHOE! SO, NOT FOR
SO, NOT FOR BALL, JOGGING, AND
THANKS TO THE NEW BALL-BANDS FOR
THE NEW BALL-BANDS FOR THE
SOLE OF YOUR SHOE!

BALL-BAND

ARCH-CARD® GIVES YOU
FEEL AT 3-YEAR POINTS.

- ① ARCH-CARD® GIVES YOU
FEEL AT 3-YEAR POINTS.
- ② ARCH-CARD® GIVES YOU
FEEL AT 3-YEAR POINTS.
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FEEL AT 3-YEAR POINTS.
- ④ ARCH-CARD® GIVES YOU
FEEL AT 3-YEAR POINTS.



NOW!
WHICH FEEL YOU
BALL-BAND
jett
WITH
OVERDOSE

- NOW! "SHOCK" AS YOU WALK
- NOW! TO FEEL CLEAN, JUST WALK
- NOW! TO FEEL CLEAN, JUST WALK

Bill Boyd and The OMINOUS DOOR

STOP! BEHIND THIS DOOR LIES A SURPRISE FOR YOU! IT MAY BE FAME—FORTUNE—OR DEATH! DO YOU DARE FIND OUT?

IT'S PROBABLY THE WORK OF SOME PRACTICAL JOKER!

BILL BOYD'S CRAZY TO GO THROUGH THAT DOOR! IT SOUNDS LIKE SURE DEATH TO ME!

A practical joke or death? Which one is right? And why should anyone set up such a sign? That's what the two-gun people wonder. But *above*, hopes to find out when he steps through the OMINOUS DOOR!

A THE BRANCH OF ZERE KATBURN IS CLOSING SOON.

"BUT, LITTLE ZERE, WE JUST GOT TO GET SOME MORE MONEY."

LOOK HERE, JIMMY! YOU LEARNED TO DO BRIDGE WHEN IT WAS FOR MONEY. I WILL. THE ANSWER IS NO!

IF I WANT TO SQUANDER MY MONEY, I CAN THINK OF BETTER WAYS TO DO IT THAN BRIDGE. IT'S TO BEA TO COME AWAY! NOW SEND IN MY LAWYER!

YES, LITTLE ZERE!













Bill Boyd and THE DEATH BRAND















TREASURE IN THE SHACK



By Clement Caud



PHINEAS Griggins shuffled into the post office which was also the general store. The postmaster, who was also the proprietor and chief clerk, was sweeping flour out of an open barrel.

"Any mail for me today, yuh despatch, old fraud?" asked Phineas.

"Why you keep old despatch if you'll wait till I get this flour off of my hands. I'll have a look," responded the storekeeper-postmaster.

The calling of names was done pleasantly and without any on show on either side. No offense was meant and no offense was taken. These two old friends had known each other for upwards of fifty years and it was their custom to address each other with what among strangers would have been fighting words.

The storekeeper moved over to the cigar tin desk, which was the post office and drew out a letter.

"Letter here for Phineas Griggins," said the postmaster, looking at the envelope, holding it up to the light. "Reckon it's just a accident. Reckon I'll just take it away."

"Hand 'er over, yuh palmer, or I'll blast a hole in the place where your brains ought to be!" cried Phineas.

The postmaster handed over the letter and the white-whiskered Phineas tore it open eagerly. His gnarled fingers pulled out several greenbacks, which he hastily stuffed in an aged coat-side pocket.

A big smile broke in his toothless mouth as he read. "That boy of mine! He's some boy! He don't ever forget his old puppy! Never a week goes by that I don't get a letter from that boy of mine!"

He started to walk away. "Hey," called the postmaster. "Ain't you ever going to read the letter he write?"

"Nuh? Oh I plumb near forgot there was a letter too! Say, Jake, would you read it out loud to me? See what my boy has to say. I

went and forgot my specs again."

"Yeh, I reckon you did, you old fraud!" chuckled Jake. He read the letter, beginning: "Dear Dad. It was a short note not very long, but shiny and warm, the same kind of letter Phineas Griggins had been receiving from his son week after week and always with greenbacks enclosed."

Two men, larking in the alley beside the store, nudged each other. Through the little window they could see the transmission of Phineas and Jake. They's eyes seemed to turn the color of the greenbacks. There was greed in them. "Come on, Lefty," said one softly, tugging at the other's sleeve. "We'll come on out to the old codger's shack and be ready to jump him when he gets home."

Moving stealthily and keeping to the shadows, they made their way to the rear where two horses were tied. They mounted and headed for Phineas Griggins' tiny two-room cottage, nestled in a lonely clump of pines about a mile out of town. They led their horses then creased down in the shadows beside the house to wait.

Presently they heard a horse. When Phineas had dismounted they sprang on him. Phineas struggled but he was outnumbered, and they had youth and surprise on their side. "All right, what do you varmints want of a poor old man?" questioned Phineas.

"Inside!" ordered one, pushing Phineas through the door. "We want those greenbacks your boy has been sending you every week, you old codger. You never spend the money as you must have it around here someplace. Barden, you're too old to enjoy it. Where is it?" Quick!"

"My boy works hard for his money," retorted Phineas. "If you whippersnappers want money, you work for it, too. I'll never tell you where my money is."

One of the robbers struck Phineas and sent

the old man swelling backward till he fell against his back. But Phineas wasn't frightened. "Beat me! Kill me!" he yelled through bleeding lips. "I'll still never tell you where I've hidden a blasted thing!"

The outlaws seemed to sense they had come up against a tough customer. Still, it shouldn't be hard to find his hidden treasure. They looked around the room. It was simply furnished. Nothing fancy! Like the home of an old man, living alone. There was a bunk against the wall. There was a clothes chest. One chair and one table and on the table an old oil lamp. A fireplace, with cranks and handle. Both of them noted a brick in the fireplace that seemed loose. Above the fireplace there was a mantle and on it, a row of old, rather discolored books. No rug on the wood floor, but two boards were saved, as if there might be a hole underneath. The other rooms were hardly more than a lean-to. It was the kitchen. In it were cans of food, a coffee pot, a frying pan, the simplest and most rudimentary cooking utensils.

One of the robbers laughed, a mean, dirty laugh. "Old man, you can talk or not. We'll find your granola. Only thing is, if you talk, you'll make it easy on yourself."

"Never!" grunted old Phineas.

Postmaster-Storekeeper Jake noticed the letter on the floor. He spoke to Bobby, his delivery boy. "Here's that letter old Phineas got today. It's near closing time. Let's take it out and deliver it to the old edger."

"Sure," said Bobby. He didn't see that there was any cash but he was obedient. A good boy.

They found Phineas' home a shambles. Phineas lay where on the floor, his eyes closed. The mattress from his bunk was torn and ripped. Loose books had been moved from the fireplace. His clothes chest was opened and clothes strewn and scattered. Pots and pans from the kitchen lay strewn about.

"Is he ...? Is he ...?" Bobby was wide-eyed.

"Napt, not dead. Just knocked out."

"Somebody robbed him!" exclaimed Bobby.

"Just only tried to," said Jake, dryly. "Didn't succeed. Outlaws are usually awful dumb."

"We better go after 'em!" cried Bobby.

"No, they'll be back!" asserted the storekeeper-postmaster confidently. "You go out and watch our horses. Feed 'em later! Then sneak back in here and we'll both be low and well."

Bobby didn't understand it, but he did as he was told. When he had come back in, Jake silently handed him a pistol and they both flung themselves against the wall, beside the door hinges. They waited. And waited. Then they heard hoofbeats. And footsteps. The door swung inward, shielding them for a moment. Two men entered.

Jake nudged Bobby, at the same time saying, "All right, you lowdown rascals. You're covered. Up with the matts!"

The storekeeper held the gun while Bobby tied the men hand and foot. Meanwhile a groom came from Phineas. Then the old man sat up, blinking his eyes. "What in tarnation are you doing here, Jake?" he growled. "I didn't want you for a tea party!"

"Why, I'm just protecting your life and property, you old-manny, prairie dog," responded Jake. "You ain't got sense enough to do it yourself! It's lucky for you these here henchmen let you on that rock head of yours. You've been asleep!"

LATER Jake and Bobby were riding away from Phineas' Griggled home. Each had a book in his hand. Bobby was growling, "We saved his fortune for him. And what does he give us? A book apiece?"

Jake chuckled. "Bobby," he said, "sometimes I think you are dumb enough to be an outlaw yourself. Of course, you're young. You might get some brains later. Why didn't these robbers take the money when we got there?"

"Because they couldn't find it."

"That's right. And they didn't find the money because they didn't know Phineas didn't know how to read! Look under your book!"

Bobby flipped open the old book and nearly fell off his horse. Nearly passed to the page, the photos in a photo album were granola. Bobby was speechless with amazement.

Jake chuckled again. "If I were you, Bobby, I'd use that money to get an education. You'll find there's often more a heap of treasure in books!"

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only **10¢**

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FROM CARNATION
MILKED MILK

Wash &
iron to show on
shoulder patch



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hats, shirts, coats
and sweaters



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no garment without peeling. Or
heat to all pieces of cloth and have
another size fit to your clothes

"IT'S A BEAUTY," SAYS "ROCKY!"

It tells at a glance you're a pal
of mine. Make your friends nervous
be the first in your gang to wear
my official Posse Shoulder Patch.
And when partners, or hard rolls,
your members get to have plenty

of songs. So feel up regularly
with my favorite Carnation
Milked Milk. Make me right at
home—early, quickly, often. Tell
them to get Carnation Malted Milk
at her grocer's today. And wait for
my official "Rocky" Lane Posse
Shoulder Patch right away.



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Carnation Malted Milk

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Please send me _____ Official Rocky Lane Posse Shoulder
Patches. Enclosed \$2.00 to cover shipping
charges for every 10 patches. For each patch I enclose
the card you found on Malted Milk label.

Name _____ (Please print clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____
10 Patches please January 26, 1955, and be mailed in U.S.A. only

WINDY WHOPPER

AND 'THE MOVING STORY!'



IT'S FINE DAY ON THE RANGE—











BUMPY ROAD AHEAD!













IT WAS AN IRISH BOYD
WHY THE JACKS ONLY TO BE
DANGER?



SPLASH!

IT LOOKS THAT WAY?



IT WASN'T ANYTHING
BILL BOYD, AND...



I DON'T SEE WHAT HAPPENED,
BUT IT'S NOT HARD TO
FIGURE IT OUT!



THAT FELLOW WAS ONLY
ATTEMPTING TO BE WICKED SO THAT
HE WOULD BE ABLE TO SWIM
AND LOOK AROUND! BY NOW
HE'D PROBABLY BE
TOLD WHY HE'S
DOWN THERE!



THEY'RE GOING TO COME
DOWN THE TRAIL, ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!
MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT I CAN
REACH THEM BEFORE THEY
DO! THE GOLD SHOULD
SHOW THEM IN
SOMEWAY!



IT WASN'T ANYTHING

IT WASN'T
THAT? THEY
THEY ARE!



IF THAT BASTARD
REACHES THE MOUNTAIN
ON THE TRAIL, THEY'LL
BE RIGHT NEXT TO





WELL, AND YOU ARE START' YER STUFF -
WOM GRABBY AND GET READY TO



WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED FOR AN
SOME - THERE'S ANOTHER
FIND OF SQUARES - SO
DON'T DISOIN!



WELL, HOWEVER, THIS STEP IS NEAR
WOM GRABBY SQUARES NEEDS A
FOLLOW ON THE FEET!



THE BIGGEST BUBBLE YOU'LL GET FOR A
PENNY - DON'T LOOK FOR BETTER, YOU
WON'T GET ANY!

BIGGER
BETTER
BUBBLES -

PRICE -
A PENNY
A PIECE -

AND THE
SQUARE WRAP
KEEPS THE
BUBBLES
FLAT -

1c

MADE IN FLORIDA, U.S.A.
PRODUCED BY J. J. JONES



WELL, HOWEVER, THIS STEP IS NEAR
WOM GRABBY SQUARES NEEDS A
FOLLOW ON THE FEET!

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WOM GRABBY SQUARES NEEDS A
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WOM GRABBY SQUARES NEEDS A
FOLLOW ON THE FEET!

TROUBLE at GHOST-TOWN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE DAY OUT WEST, THE BOYS AND I WERE EXPLORING A VERY SCARY OLD GHOST-TOWN WHICH HAD LONG BEEN ABANDONED.

JIM: "THAT PLANE'S GOING TO CRASH!"



CAUTION BOYS-- WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANE'S IN FLAMES!



WELLY GET--MARR TO HOSPITAL-- BOBBY CITY-- DYING CHILD

I'LL GET THAT STERN TO THE HOSPITAL-- JIM-- I'VE GOT TO RUN ALL THE PARTY



THEY'RE NOT FAR TO GO NOW-- JIM SURE GLAD JIM TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F"



WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F"-- HERE'S WHY "P-F" DOES FOR ABOUT SPEED ABOUT ENERGY AND REAL FOOT COMFORT

1 THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.

2 SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION

3 "P-F" MEANS FORTRESS FOUNDATION



"P-F" MEANS

LOOK-- BOB'S BACK ALREADY-- HE REALLY JUST HAVE SET A NEW SPEED RECORD!



GEE, I HOPE THAT PILOT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

WE WILL AND-- BOB-- SO WILL THAT CHILD IN THE HOSPITAL-- THANKS TO YOUR SPEED IN GETTING THE SERUM TO GO--

WELL, WELL-- BOB'S "P-F"'S SURE HELPED HIM POINT!



FOR EXTRA SPEED ENERGY AND COMFORT, BRIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES GET YOUR "P-F" TODAY!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich AND Hood Rubber Co.

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LASH LARUE
WESTERN

ALWAYS THE BEST!

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EXCITEMENT BUY...

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animals**

**SMILEY
BURNETTE**
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Rocky Lane
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Hale**
WESTERN



Bill Boyd
WESTERN

NYOKA
THE JUNGLE GIRL

**CAPTAIN
MARVEL**

**The Marvel
Family**

**HOPALONG
CASSIDY**

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MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
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